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THE POSITIVE MAN.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,
IN 1784.

O'Keefe
By JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

L O N D O N :

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1800.

[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Toby Tacit	-	-	Mr. QUICK.
Rupee	-	-	Mr. EDWIN.
Captain Belcamp	-	-	Mr. WHITFIELD.
Lake	-	-	Mr. BOOTH.
Grog	-	-	Mr. LEE LEWIS.
Maurice	-	-	Mr. MAHON.
Sterne	-	-	Mr. FEARON.
Quid	-	-	Mr. LEE.
Cable	-	-	Mrs. KENNEDY.
Lady Tacit	-	-	Mrs. WEBB.
Cornelia	-	-	Mrs. MARTYR.
Florimel	-	-	Mrs. INCHBALD.
Nancy	-	-	Mrs. WILSON.

SCENE—LONDON,

THE POSITIVE MAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*St. James's Park.*

Enter Captain BELLCAMP and Servant.

CAPT. BELLCAMP.

HERE, Robert!

Serv. Sir.

Capt. B. Desire my man to see the baggage removed from the hotel.

Serv. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Capt. B. Is not this my friend——

Enter LAKE.

Ha! my dear Lake!

Lake. Captain Bellcamp! Welcome to England!—when did you arrive?

Capt. B. Not eight hours ago. But my lovely Cornelia——

Lake. I shall see Miss Tacit this morning.

Capt. B. My Cornelia?

Lake. I said Miss Tacit. In half an hour, Lady Tacit sits to me.

Capt. B. My comely mother-in-law that is to be.

Lake. That is not to be (*aside*). You had better not visit there immediately.

Capt. B. Why? has anything happen'd during my absence to—is Cornelia—speak.

Lake. Cornelia, to-morrow, is to be wedded to another.

Capt. B. Another! Is it possible—can she be false?

Lake. No, no, you wrong her—her heart is as true to you as you can wish.

Enter MAURICE.

Mau. Oh Master! I—Mr. Lake! by the word of a traveller, I'm glad to see your honor.

Lake. I thank you, Maurice. Belcamp, yonder goes your rival.

Capt. B. What that tawdry spark!

Lake. Yes, that's young Rupee.

Capt. B. He shall resign her, I'll oblige him to it.

Mau. Don't do anything to oblige him, Sir; but if you please, I'll just walk over, and decently knock him down.

Lake. Stop! Have a care—no quarrels here, Maurice.

Mau. Quarrel! I know my distance. I make so free as to affront a gentleman! No, no, I'd
only

only handsomely knock him down, and then leave my master to quarrel with him.

Capt. B. Who is that sea-faring looking man, arm in arm with him?

Lake. That, Sir, is Tom Grog; formerly belonged to the Royal Navy, but since, acquiring a tolerable fortune in the East-Indies, under Rupee's father, he is most gratefully attached to the son; though such a whimsical contrast, they are constant companions.

Capt. B. A whimsical contrast indeed.

Lake. Yes, Rupee the beau dances Tom Grog the tar to every place of fashionable resort at this end of the town; and the man of war convoys the Indiaman from the Gun at Billingsgate, to the Artich oak at Blackwall. They are now at a picture-sale in Pall Mall, presently to see a ship launch'd at Portsmouth:—to-night they may be seen sliding the promenade at Soho, and to-morrow smoaking a segar at the Anchor in Wapping.

Capt. B. A greyhound and a mastiff coupled.

Mau. By the word of a traveller, a sea-gull and a jack-daw might as well put their horses together.

Capt. B. But what did you want, Maurice?

Mau. Faith, Sir, I wanted only—oh, I thought your honor might want this card that Mr. Lake left at the lodgings just now; I brought it along with me, but forgot it on the table—but now that he is here, he may deliver it to you himself by word of mouth. [Exit.

Capt. B. My dear Lake, you're going to Sir Toby Tacit's: will you convey a few lines from me to Cornelia?

Lake. With pleasure—but come, courage, Captain; what, a foldier, and afraid!

Capt. B. Oh, my dear Lake, to lose the field when I thought I had only to claim the triumph of victory! *[Exeunt.]*

Enter RUPEE and GROG.

Grog. Avast, d'ye see, you steer right in the wind's eye.

Rup. Pardon me, pardon me, dear Tom Grog!

Grog. Your brain is shoal-water, d'ye see, and you come bump upon the rock of nonsense.

Rup. But, my good friend, a coach is a vehicle out of your element—Ha, ha, ha! A coach, built by a ship carpenter—I suppose you'd have a lion for your coachman:—Apropos, I lost ten rouleaus at an E. O. table last night. Oh, but Tom, you accompany me to Ranelagh?

Grog. A bargain; and remember you take a meridian with me at the Three Jolly Sailors.

Rup. Meridian! Apropos, we are to be at the masquerade next Thursday night:—Do you go in a domino?

Grog. I'll go in a coach.

Rup. Psha! take me, Tom.

Grog. I will, if you'll come.

Rup. Still wrong.—Understand me, I mean what dress?

Grog. Dress! Oh, I'll sail to the Pantheon as a British seaman.

Rup. Oh, there's no disguise in that—now I'll go like a fool.

Grog. Not much disguise in that either.

Rup. Apropos—I am to see Signior Squalini, the opera singer, presently at the Orange Coffee house.

house.—Tom, will you meet me at the Orange, over a dish of coffee?

Grog. Damn the Orange and coffee! I'll meet you at the Cannon, over a dish of gunpowder.

Enter QUID, crossing.

Quid. Oh, Master Thomas, shan't we take a facer in the evening at the Blue Anchor?

Grog. Stop, you Quid, sing my friend Rupee my favorite chaunt about little Nan:

AIR.—QUID.

What should sailors do on shore,
Kiss the girls and tofs the can;
While the cannons cease to roar,
Sweet the voice of smiling Nan.
Love the boatswain's whistle blows,
Pipes all hands to pleasure, boys;
'Round the joyous bumper flows,
Beauty then completes our joys.

Bring me first a spacious bowl
Deeper than can plummet sound;
Give me next a generous soul
That in loving knows no bound.
Flowing ever let it be,
If the tide good liquor prove;
Then, my hearts, let's keep to sea,
Sailing with the girls we love.

Nancy is my true-love's name,
And to compliment my dear,
Bonny ship secure thy fame;
You the darling title bear.
Rough the ocean, rude the wind,
But when honor'd by my lass,
One shall be as zephyrs kind,
T'other smooth as looking-glass.

[*Exit.*

Rup.

Rup. I drink tea at Sir Toby Tacit's this evening. Tom, you'll come, I'll introduce you to the ladies; you shall see my intended spofa, Cornelia.

Grog. Aye, give me her little waiting maid Nancy; if I can get her to my birth in the Minories, I shall be as happy as an admiral.

Rup. Admiral! Apropos—I shall be married to-morrow—Tom, you'll dress to honor my wedding?

Grog. Yes, if the taylor brings home my new rigging. But now you talk of a wife, the first time I ever saw my wife the pretty Peggy, was on Portsmouth ramparts, full dress'd, streamers flying, gay as a commissioner's yacht at a naval review—What cheer, my heart? says I—she bore away; love gave signal for chace, so I crowded sail, threw a salute shot across her fore-foot to make her bring too; prepared for an engagement, we came to close quarters, grappled, I threw a volley of kisses at her round-top, she struck—next day, with a cheer, I took my prize in tow to Farum church, and the parson made out my warrant for command—Captain of the Pretty Peggy fifteen years; then she foundered in Blanket Bay—Death took charge, and left me to swim through life, and keep my chin above water as long as I cou'd.

Rup. Tom, you may be chin-deep, but water can never reach your lips, unless mixed with brandy—brandy! apropos, now for the ladies.

Grog. Well, shear off, d'ye see, I have business at the Admiralty, and then I bear away for Tower Hill, to meet some hearts of oak.

Rup. Adieu, my man of war! my vis-a-vis is at St. James's Gate; so, Tom, farewell, and now hey, for the land of love.

[Exit.
Grog.

Grog. Now must I cruise in the channel of Charing Cross, to look out for this lubber that affronted me aboard the Dreadnought. I heard he put in at the Admiralty—Hold!—is Rupee gone? if he thought I went to fight, mayhap he'd bring the Master-at-arms upon me, and have me in the bilboes.—Smite my timbers, there goes the enemy!

Enter STERN (crossing).

I'll hail him—Yo! ho!

Stern. What chear?

Grog. You're Sam Stern?

Stern. Yes.

Grog. Do you remember me?

Stern. Remember! Yes, thof you're rich now, you're still Tom Grog.

Grog. You affronted me aboard the Dreadnought; the Spaniards were then in view, and I didn't think it time to resent private quarrels when it is our duty to thrash the enemies of our country; but, Sam Stern, you are the man that affronted Tom Grog.

Stern. Mayhap so.

Grog. Mayhap you'll fight me?

Stern. I will—when and where?

Grog. The where is here—the when is now; and slap's the word (*lays his hand on his banger*). But hold, we must steer off the open sea into some creek.

Stern. But I've neither cutlash nor pistols.

Grog. I saw a handsome cutlash and a pretty pair of barking irons in a pawnbroker's window—Come, it lies in our way to the War-office.

Stern.

Stern. I should like to touch at the Victualling-office in our voyage.

Grog. Why an't you dined?

Stern. I've none to eat.

Grog. A seaman in England without a dinner! that's hard, damn'd hard!—there's money—pay me when you can (*gives a handful of money*).

Stern. How much?

Grog. I don't know—get your dinner—buy the arms, meet me in two hours at Deptford, and shiver me like a biscuit if I don't blow your head off.

Stern. Then I can't pay you your money.

Grog. True—but mayhap you may take off mine, and if so I shall have no occasion for it.

Stern. Right, I forgot that (*wipes his eyes*).

Grog. What do you snivel for?

Stern. What a dog am I to use a man ill, and now be obliged to him for a meal's meat!

Grog. Then you own you've used me ill—ask my pardon?

Stern. I'll be damn'd if I do!

Grog. Then take it without asking; you're cursed saucy, but you're a good seaman, and harky'e, Sam, the brave man, though he scorns the fear of punishment, is always afraid to deserve it.—Come, when you've stow'd your bread-room, a bowl of punch shall again set friendship afloat.

Stern. Oh! I'm a lubber!

Grog. Avast! swab the spray from your bows, poor fellow! don't heed, my soul! whilst you've the heart of a lion, never be ashamed of the feelings of a man.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—SIR TOBY TACIT'S.

Enter FLORIMEL and NANCY.

Nan. My old Master Sir Toby! what a gentleman to break his word with Miss Cornelia and the Captain, and divide two such sweet young lovers!

Flo. But who knows but my brother may yet obtain your mistress, and you be happy with your Hibernian Lover Mr. Maurice O'Finnigan.

Nan. Oh, my dear madam! how can that be? isn't Mr. Rupee, the great Nabob, to be married to my young lady to-morrow? and would you think it, madam? who should bowl up to me this morning but Mr. Grog; he said I was a tight vessel for port—Yes, ma'am, and he swore he'd be my top-gallant, and that he'd engage to grapple and attack me 'till I'd strike. Perhaps, says I, Sir, I scorn your port; I'll have no top-gallant, Sir, says I; and when he attack'd me, to shew him I could strike, I lent him a box o'the ear.

Flo. Nancy, I want to speak to you on very particular business—but yonder comes your mistress—let me see you presently.

[*Exit Nancy.*

Poor Cornelia! how melancholy——

Enter CORNELIA.

Cor. My dear Florimel—sentence is past; my father and mother are inexorable, and I must give my hand to Mr. Rupee to-morrow.

Flo.

THE POSITIVE MAN.

Flo. Well, the man of my heart with all my heart I'll marry, and none else for me, Cornelia; where I love, I'll honor and obey; 'tis well I've none to control me; but if I had, my girl, (consistent with honor,) I'd give you a spirited example.

Cor. Oh, Florimel! were Bellicamp here I shou'd have no occasion for example.

AIR.—CORNELIA.

Love thy filken banners wave,
Home invite the young and brave;
Let him quit the hostile field,
From the foe his mistress shield:
Come, my gallant soldier, come,
To the call of Cupid's drum.

Down of doves thy coat of mail,
Softest sounds thy triumph hail,
Myrtle wreaths thy brows entwine,
And that pleasing task be mine:
Come, my gallant soldier, come,
To the call of Cupid's drum.

Hush'd the trumpet's brazen throat,
Hark! the flute's melodious note,
Mars shall sleep, and discord cease,
All be harmony and peace:
Come, my gallant soldier, come,
To the call of Cupid's drum.

[*Exit.*

Flo. The dear girl loves my brother with a constant and sincere affection—Oh, here comes Nancy; I think I may venture to trust her.

Enter NANCY.

Nan. You said, ma'am, you wanted me, and I'm come to receive your commands.

Flo.

Flo. Nancy, you're a good sensible girl—do you approve of this wedding?

Nan. Oh dear, ma'am, they never ask'd my opinion about it.

Flo. Indeed!

Nan. No, ma'am—settled it among themselves, I was too insignificant to be consulted.

Flo. You must know, Nancy, I have some hopes of preventing this match—This is my scheme; I'll have a letter convey'd to Mr. Rupee, which shall inform him that your young lady has an improper intercourse with a certain young officer. I have by me the first suit of regimentals my brother ever wore; they fit me exactly; in them, when dress'd, I'll be the gallant, with my hat, cockade, brazen-face, and strut a-la-militaire.

Nan. Charming! I understand it all; dear me, ma'am, what a fine, fierce, smart, wicked, little devil of a harmless officer you will make.

Flo. Now, I charge you not to drop a word of this affair to anybody.

Nan. Oh, Lord! if Mr. Rupee should refuse, and the dear Captain should come home and marry her; and Mr. O'Finnigan, my sweet-heart, was to say, Arrah, Nancy, will you marry me; Lord, what merry times we should have!

Flo. Away, away—— [Exit Nancy.
Here comes Sir Toby and Lady Tacit in their old humour, she really positive, though seemingly all compliance, while Sir Toby, having neither idea or opinion of his own, most violently and obstinately lays hold of every one that is suggested by anybody else.—I must avoid them.

[Exit.

Enter

Enter SIR TOBY and LADY TACIT.

Sir T. You know, my Lady Tacit, I am not to be controlled, I will have my way.

Lady T. Will! and have, my sweet Sir Toby; do I ever presume to have a will of my own? but, indeed, my dear love, you are a little too positive.

Sir T. I am—I am a positive man—I own it; and I will insist and persist too, that this new house I've taken in Portland Place is charmingly situated. I challenge England to afford such a delightful prospect.

Lady T. Sir Toby, pardon me—do you really think the view of Highgate and Hampstead so very beautiful?

Sir T. Me! not I—Visto the landscape painter commends it, indeed; but he knows no more of a prospect than a hedge-hog—the house though has a lofty hall; it strikes you with an air of grandeur.

Lady T. The hall lofty, Sir Toby! pardon me, my dear, but I protest it didn't seem so to me.

Sir T. Nor to me, my Lady; I thought indeed it seemed tolerably high, till 'tother day, trying to cut one of Vestris' capers, I hit my head against the lanthorn—but the great parlour, my Lady; I'll lay any man an hundred guineas that parlour dines forty.

Lady T. Nay, Sir Toby, when once you form an opinion you will persist in it; you are exceedingly obstinate.

Sir T. True, Lady Tacit; when once I'm determined, I'm not to be mov'd by the rhetoric of Oxford, Cambridge, Sorbonne, or Salamanca.

Enter

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Mr. Rupee, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Sir T. My new East India son-in-law; here, my Lady Tacit, pull up my cravat, and pull down my ruffles.

Lady T. Sir Toby! ask me such a thing!

Sir T. Then, my Lady, I will pull down my ruffles and pull up my cravat, I am determined.

Enter RUPEE.

Rup. My Lady Tacit, your Ladyship's slave—slave! apropos! Sir Toby, your most obedient!

Lady T. Sir, we are exceedingly proud of this honor.

Sir T. Sir, we are exceeding proud.

Lady T. Sir Toby!

Sir T. Proud! I mean, Sir, we are your humble.

Rup. I hope, madam, my lovely Cornelia is well?

Sir T. She is exceedingly well, indeed, Sir.

Lady T. What are you at, my sweet?

Sir T. Only at present she has got a most dangerous cold.

Lady T. Cornelia a cold!

Sir T. But now she's perfectly recovered, and my daughter will be so happy when she hears—

Lady T. Your daughter! Sir Toby!

Sir T. Mine! I am an obstinate man; but in this particular I will not be positive.

Lady T. Mr. Rupee—Dear Sir, I shall beg but for a few moments, though to deprive myself of the egregious felicity of your very agreeable company—

[*Exit.*

Sir

Sir T. Egregious felicity! Mr. Rupee, what a fine spoken woman.

Rup. Very, Sir Toby; but that phrase of egregious felicity is—

Sir T. Damn'd nonsense.

Rup. Nonsense! Apropos, did you ever hear me speak in Leadenhall Street upon India affairs?

Sir T. Poor Lady Tacit! all obedience—humble as a forsaken Sultana; but Sir, in this house I am Turk and tyrant:—Sir, I am a very Bajazet. Not my fault though, Mr. Rupee, I was form'd with a hard heart; as Othello says, “I strike it, and it hurts my hand.”—Now Sir, as to my wife, she's a Lady, thanks to my knighthood; but the most filly, ignorant, ridiculous——

Re-enter LADY TACIT and CORNELIA.

Hem!—sensible, elegant, and finest spoken woman in England.—Ah, my Lady Tacit, we were just talking of you.

Lady T. Cornelia, child, receive Mr. Rupee as a gentleman who is shortly to be your husband.

Rup. Oh, my charming Cornelia! Now if I can but recollect my oriental compliment (it has pleased both black, brown, and yellow, now I'll try it on the fair) (*aside*). Cornelia, speak, my love, the melody of your voice is sweeter than the sound of a Nankin bell; your breath's cinnamon of Ceylon diffusing fragrance through teeth of the sagacious elephant, and coral of the ormus; permit me, madam, to touch this fair hand, soft as west of the Indostan worm; your eyes arch'd with camel's hair, brilliant as the diamonds of Golconda; and the porcelain tower of Pekin's but a faint emblem

blem of the excellent symmetry of your beautiful tout-en-semble.

Sir T. Oh, charming! elegant! Cornelia, speak, and make a handsome curtsy.

Cor. I confess, Sir, I am incapable of answering so lavish and polite a compliment.

Sir T. What a delightful curtsy she makes, eh, Mr. Rupee?

Lady T. Oh, fie, Sir Toby!

Sir T. True, my Lady; so, so, Corney, you're a good girl, but confound your dancing master.—Well, Mr. Rupee, what say you to a bottle?

Lady T. What, do you mean to bottle a gentleman at this time of day—Richard!——

Enter SERVANT.

Get tea.

Sir T. Look'ye, my Lady Tacit, I am the lord and master in this; I will be positive—therefore, I say, Richard, get tea. [*Exit Servant.*]

Rup. Tea! Apropos; ma'am, do you take snuff?

Cor. No, Sir.—Insignificant coxcomb! (*aside.*)

Rup. True, ma'am, it was formerly in style, quite the rage with people of ton; but now it's a vile bore. I took snuff once in such profusion, that in most polite circles I was distinguished by the title of Count Macabah.

Sir T. When I was encamp'd, I took so much snuff, that they call'd me Captain Strasbourg.

Rup. Strasbourg! Apropos; I presume from to-morrow I date my felicity.

B

Sir

Sir T. Yes; you and my daughter Cornelia here shall be married to-morrow morning; that is, my Lady, if you have no objection.

Lady T. Ah, Mr. Rupee, they talk of female prerogative: you see how weak my influence with such a positive man.

Sir T. Yes, Mr. Rupee; when the gust of passion blows, my Lady Tacit is the gentle ozier of compliance, and I am the sturdy oak of opposition.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*A Room at a Tavern on Tower Hill.*

CABLE, STERN, QUID, BOWSPRIT, *and Sailors*
discovered drinking.

ALL.

HUZZA! Huzza!

Stern. I say, boy, more punch!

Boy. How much!

[*Exit Boy.*

Bow. A bay!

Quid. A sea!

Stern. An ocean!

Re-enter Boy (with a Bowl).

Here's our wooden walls.

All. Huzza! Huzza!

Stern. Come, Cable, though the sharks have
fallen foul of your wife, never heed—give us your
poor Poll of Plymouth.

THE POSITIVE MAN.

AIR—CABLE.

Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear,
 When forc'd from her to go,
 A-down her cheeks rain'd many a tear,
 My heart was fraught with woe.
 Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we stood,
 The land we left behind,
 Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,
 My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plough'd the deep, and now between
 Us lay the ocean wide;
 For five long years I have not seen
 My sweet, my bonny bride.
 That time I sail'd the world around,
 All for my true love's sake;
 But press'd as homeward we were bound,
 I thought my heart wou'd break.

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain
 To set me once on shore;
 I long'd to see my Poll again,
 But saw my Poll no more.
 And have they torn my love away,
 And is he gone? she cried;
 My Polly, sweetest flower of May,
 Then languish'd, droop'd, and died.

Quid. Cheer up, my hearty—but where's Tom Grog all this while?

Stern. He has put into the Minories to refit, a neat cabin, and a snug birth there. Why, sun dazzle my lanthorns! can this be he?

Enter GROG (fashionably dress'd).

Bow. Ha, ha, ha! What a figure of fun!

Grog. Hey (*bows*), how do you like me?

Bow. A crow, rigg'd in the feathers of a maccaw,

Quid.

Quid. Or a collier, careen'd in a French dock.

Grog. Ay, you may laugh—How they shew their grinders—I'll laugh too—Ha, ha, ha!—Now you all think me a monkey.

Bow. Yes, to judge by your tail.

Grog. Then I think you all boars, and you know nothing of fashion, stile, rage, or gusto.—Ben Bowsprit, was you ever at an opera?

Bow. Aye, at many, and many an uproar.

Grog. Or you, Quid, to a sale at Christie's?

Quid. No, but I've fail'd to St. Kitt's.

Grog. Or you, Cable, at a tragedy?

Cab. No.

Grog. Then don't laugh till you see all these things, you dromedaries!

Stern. I say Tom's a fine fellow.

Bow. Fine! Aye, we see that by his jacket.

Quid. What do you talk of fine—give me an honest fellow.

Stern. Well, Tom Grog's as true as an hour glass; and the man that says no, is as false as a fireship, damme!

Grog. Avaft, Sam Stern!—don't sail without a quadrant. I made my money in the East Indies d'ye see; and so as to my honesty—Ahem!

Bow. Eh, what, Cable!—so melancholy my heart? Still thinking of Sweet Poll.

Cab. Ay, round the world, her memory is never out of reckoning.

Grog. Round the world! Apropos, as Rupee says; Cable, give us Captain Cook.

THE POSITIVE MAN.

AIR—CABLE.

Ye chiefs of the ocean your laurels throw by,
 Or cypress entwine with a wreath;
 To prove your humanity heave a soft sigh,
 And a tear now let fall for his death.
 Yet the Genius of Britain forbids us to grieve,
 Since Cook, ever honor'd, immortal shall live.

The hero of Macedon o'erran the world,
 Yet nothing but death cou'd he give;
 'Twas George's command and the sail was unfurl'd,
 And Cook taught mankind how to live.
 Yet the Genius of Britain forbids us to grieve,
 Since Cook, ever honor'd, immortal shall live.

He came, and he saw, not to conquer but save,
 The Cæsar of Britain was he,
 Who scorn'd the ambition of making a slave,
 While Britons themselves are so free.
 Yet the Genius of Britain forbids us to grieve,
 Since Cook, ever honor'd, immortal shall live.

Quid. Eh, what beau have we here? (*looking out.*)

Grog. Oh, this is my friend Rupee.—Now, my boys, you shall see a prince of fellows.

Enter RUPEE.

Rup. Ha, Tom! here I am—good as my word—introduce me to your friends.

Grog. I will.—Lads, look at that smart—turn about and shew your shapes—walk the forecastle. What think ye, boys?—This, d'ye see, is my friend Rupee, the very flower of gentility; the tulip of virtue; the lilly of bon ton, and the pink of macaronies.

Rup. Hem!—Though my eloquence is totally inadequate to the Demosthenian task of expressing

ing my gratitude to Tom Grog, for the superlative honor to which I am permitted, yet believe my sincere assurance, that I am your most devoted and very obsequious slave.

Bow. Can't he speak English?

Stern. Tip us you're fin—we're hearts of oak (*shakes hands*).

Rup. Yes, and hands of oak (*aside*). Apropos, almost squeez'd my fingers off.

Grog. Cast anchor! (*Rupée sits.*)

Stern. Drink.

Rup. Little boy, get me a pint of burgundy.

Boy. Burgundy! Burton ale, Sir, is the only we feil.

Stern. Psha! drink grog (*fills a glass*).

Rup. I will—Tom Grog, your health (*drinks*).

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Rup. Where's my smelling bottle; the tar overcomes me (*takes out a smelling bottle*).

Grog. And may the English tar ever be able to overcome.

Stern. What little bottle's that?

Rup. My dalmahoy.

Stern. A damme hoy?

Rup. No, Sir, my smelling-bottle—I shall be poison'd.

Grog. Boy, get us some devil'd biscuit to make us dry, and some burnt brandy to quench our thirst?

Rup. Don't do it, little boy; set on fire, and quench'd with brandy!

Stern. I see by your pumps you dance a good hornpipe.

Rup. Sir, I am tolerable in a pas seul.

Stern. Give us a song?

Grog. Aye, a roaring song.

THE POSITIVE MAN.

AIR—CHORUS.

Rup. Gentle God of Love assist,
Softly touch the Virgin's heart ;
Bow. If that's the case, my boy, your fist,
We'll make you drunk before we part.
Rup. Oh la !
Quid. Zounds ! what a quaver—Ha, ha, ha !
Rup. Heavens ! what behaviour—Ha, ha, ha !
Quid. Jack, d'ye see this Rupee,
What a comical shaver.
Stern. Grog, mayhap this here chap
Is then a man of fashion.
Rup. Friend, no bam, for that I am
Upon my reputation.
Bow. Come, Sam, push the bowl about,
It's almost out ;
Then fill it up again, boys,
See, see it's almost out.

CHORUS.

Our tide though now low *,
Shall again nobly flow,
And Britons again shall be lords of the main.

Quid. Boy, bring in the booze.
Rup. Oh my eau de luce !
Quid. Of beer a full pot.
Rup. Where's my bergamotte.
Bow. We trample on our foes.
Rup. Gads curse, dear Sir, my toes.
Sailors, see a lover fervent,
Ever of the fair observant,
Bows your slave and humble servant.

[Exit,

CHORUS.

Our tide though now low
Shall again nobly flow,
And Britons again shall be lords of the main.

[Exeunt,

* Alluding to the national circumstances of those times.

SCENE II.—SIR TOBY TACIT'S.

Enter RUPEE and NANCY with a letter.

Nan. Sir, Sir!

Rup. Want me, my dear?

Nan. Me; no Sir; only a person at the door just now desired me to give your honor this letter.

Rup. Who, pray?

Nan. I can't tell, Sir; but he look'd like a soldier, and he gave it me, and then ran away.

Rup. A soldier! apropos; ran away—very well.

Nan. (*aside.*) So that's done. Now if Miss Florimel has got into her regimentals, we shall go on delightfully. [*Exit.*]

Rup. A love-letter I suppose (*reads*).

"Ingot Rupee, Esq.—Sir, the lady you
"design to make your wife is unworthy of that
"honor, being connected with a certain young
"officer"—Indeed!—"To prove my charge,
"this night you may see him admitted into
"her chamber."—So, so, so!—"If this timely
"notice prevents your ruin and disgrace, the intent
"is answer'd of your unknown friend.

"THOMAS TELLTRUTH."

A soldier! Your humble servant, Tommy Tell-truth.—Apropos, if this should be the discharge of a gun to murder a lady's reputation (*reads*).
"Eleven is the hour to prove my truth"—truth!
Apropos, it must be false—Officer!—Eh! I did hear of one Captain Belcamp, that—but he's
in

in America—I'll watch though—Yes; I'll try the lustre of my brilliant's beauty by night, and if I find a flaw in the diamond, it shall never be set in my wedding ring. [Exit.]

Re-enter NANCY (with a sword).

Nan. There he goes—precious heart! if he's vex'd now, how mad he will be when he sees our little Captain—I must give her her sword though (*taps at the door*). Ma'am, ma'am, are you dress'd? Oh, here she comes.

(*Enter from the Room FLORIMEL in Regimentals.*)

Flo. Well, Nancy, my girl, how do you like me?

Nan. Oh, charming, ma'am! I believe I may venture to trust you with a sword; I fancy you are not very dangerous (*gives the sword*).

Flo. There now; my hat, quick.

Nan. Oh! I forgot that—I'll run for it.

[Exit.]

Flo. You'll find me in the room where I dress'd, —without a cockade what's an officer?

Sir T. (without). Ha, ha, ha! well done, Mr. Lake.

Flo. Heavens—Sir Toby! he has cut off my retreat to my dressing-room—I must take sanctuary here. [Exit into a room.]

Enter SIR TOBY.

Sir T. A very capital Diana Mr. Lake is making of my goddess—but no need of a crescent where

where the face is a full moon. Since Lady Tacit is drawn as Diana, I'll be Apollo; but hold, can I wear my blue and gold in Apollo? I can't dress Phœbus in a bag-wig, I'm afraid. Let me see; true; the prints of all the heathen deities are in the next room; I'll see what I can wear in the character of Sol—Yes; I'll shine upon canvass the Phœbus of the Northern world.

[*Exit in at the door whence FLORIMEL entered.*

Re-enter NANCY with a regimental hat.

Nan. Ma'am, here's your hat and cockade (*puts it on*). Lord, what pretty things these sort of hats are, I wish it was the fashion for women to wear them.—Come out here, you wicked little rogue (*sings*). “For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.”

Re-enter SIR TOBY.

Sir T. Hey, what beau-belle have we here?

Nan. My master!

Sir T. And so I'm a wicked little rogue? (*takes the hat.*) What's all this?

Nan. That, Sir, is—a—hat.

Sir T. Thankye—but who's hat?

Nan. Sir, it's a man's hat.

Sir T. Thankye again—and what brought it on your head?

Nan. Why, Sir, my hand.

Sir T. Very well; so this is a hat, and a man's hat, and you put it on your head with your hand. Wonderful information about this, girl!

Nan. I'll persuade him it's his own (*aside*). Lord, Sir, don't you know your own militia hat?

Sir

Sir T. My militia hat ! what, when I was Captain Straßbourg ! dear me—but I'm positive it's no such thing.

Nan. Lord, Sir ! don't you remember the cockade ?

Sir T. True ; I did wear a cockade when I was an officer ; but, you hussy, you, what, a servant-wench presume with her audacious hand to put my military hat upon her impudent head, and dare to profane this martial beaver with her spinster fingers and her maiden hair !

Nan. Lord, Sir, I was only going to get your man to brush it.

Sir T. What, on your head——Go, go, into your frills and your top-knots—upon my honor, I wish the ladies wou'd mind their tea and their toilets, and leave their cock'd hats and cock'd heads to us grenadiers of the creation.

[*Exit.*

Nan. Well out of this, though we've lost a hat in the scuffle ; but now to look for Miss Florimel.

Grog (without). Yo, ho ! a-board the brig a-hoy !

Nan. Oh, lud ! here's Mr. Grog, the noisy sailor. Now will he tease me to death, and interrupt Miss Florimel's scheme.

Grog. Friend Rupee. Yo, ho !

Nan. Here he is : lucky ! I think I've a plan to secure him.

Enter Grog.

Grog. Nancy, ah ; oh, my pretty yacht—what cheer ?

Nan.

Nan. Very good cheer, thankye, Sir.

Grog. I had near damag'd my timbers just now: you must know, I freighted a tight coach at the Minories, myself the lading; our top well mann'd with a stout coachman and good horse, star-board and port; but having a desire to steer myself, d'ye see, went aloft, took the reins, and made the pilot stand upon the poop; sail'd through Cheapside, Fleet-street, made the Streights of St. Dunstan's, and Shot Temple-bar like a needle; but St. Clement's church, standing as it were across the Channel, and I not understanding as it were the tiller of a coach, I run my bowsprit foul of a post, and come bump ashore into an oil-shop.

Nan. Lord, Sir, you are surprisingly clever—what has he been talking about?

Grog. Ah, Nan, my girl, what a smart lass you be.

Nan. I thank you, Sir, for your good opinion.

Grog. Ay, you're not a shrew like Jenny Griffin o'the Point, or a ninny hammer like Nell Noodle of Woolwich; nor a tipler like Bet Bub of Chatham. I'm not vers'd in your courtship lingo; yet it shall never be said that Tom Grog fell to leeward when a pretty girl was on the beam; and 't isn't that I'd found my own trumpet, but you won't meet a truer heart from the croggit yard to the gib-boom-end. You've something damn'd handsome about you, and so, in one word, shall I possess the pretty Nancy?—Say no, and damn the dog that axes you again.

Nan. Ah you gentlemen—but, Mr. Grog, if I was to be so fond and silly, wou'd you marry me afterwards?

Grog.

Grog. No; and I tell you so beforehand; a true seaman may hang out false colours to decoy an enemy, but none but a pirate would, for a moment's pleasure, deceive an affectionate girl that relied upon his honor.

Nan. Why you gentlemen sailors have a deal of honor; I had once a sailor for a sweetheart, only they call'd him a smuggler.

AIR—NANCY.

My William was bold as the wind,
He combated many a gale;
To me he was gentle and kind,
As the breezes that sport in the vale.
He put his swift wherry to sea,
The cutters she dar'd not come nigh;
And he landed his cargo of tea,
Then swore to defend it he'd die.

I pant for the life of my dear,
The cutter draws nigh to the shore;
Each stroke now redoubles my fear,
And my heart it beats time with the oar.
The ball from the cannon is fled,
'Tis fate, cruel fate gives the wound—
That William, sweet William is dead,
The rocks now with terror resound.

For me he engaged in the strife,
T'enrich me he broke the king's laws;
For love the dear youth lost his life,
And she that he lov'd was the cause.
Come hither attend on his bier,
Ye Sailors so loving and brave;
Nor think no disgrace, if a tear
Of yours drop with mine on his grave.

But, dear me, I to stay singing here, when I shou'd try to get him out of the house. Sir, somebody's coming, and if you're seen with me—do step in there, and I'll be with you presently.

Grog.

Grog. What, clap me under hatches! (*goes into a closet.*)

Nan. Hush, I'll be with you in a few minutes.

Grog. Well, but don't keep me long in this hen-coop.

Nan. No, no (*shuts the door*). Stay you there, my gallant failor!

Enter MAURICE.

Mau. So, nobody saw me coming in, and if I can see Nancy—Ah, Nancy! you dear creature, is it you, or yourself?

Nan. Heavens! Mr. O'Finnigan?

Mau. When last we parted, you gave me a kiss to keep, and so here I have brought it home to you again (*kisses her*).

Nan. How got you into this house?

Mau. Through the door; I found it open, and faith open I left it.

Nan. But where's your Master?

Mau. I mustn't tell he's come home (*aside*). He's in America.

Nan. And really, Maurice, isn't your master in London?

Mau. I tell you no; if you don't believe me, go to the St. James's Coffee-house, and axe himself.

Nan. Oh, then he is come home?

Mau. Who told you that? some busy fool or other.

Nan. Hush! if Sir Toby or my Lady knows you're here, they'll go mad. Oh dear heart, I'm so frighten'd.

Mau.

Mau. By the word of a traveller, you were always a timberfome creature, and now you're as frightful as ever.

Nan. Softly, I hear—for heaven's sake step in there, and I'll come and speak to you presently.

Mau. But will you come soon again?

Nan. Yes, yes; don't speak, nor open the door (*puts him in*). Stay you there, my dear Hibernian!—It draws near the time for our plan on Mr. Rupee. Oh, here's my young lady.

[*Retires.*]

Enter CORNELIA (with a letter).

Cor. Good-natur'd Mr. Lake to deliver me this letter from Belcamp! unhappy Cornelia! torn for ever from the man I love, and sacrificed to a wretch I despise.

AIR—CORNELIA.

Why call to remembrance how happy I've been,
How joyful my days, and my nights how serene;
Each thought on light fancy still floated in air,
And the smile on my cheek shew'd a heart void of care.

Since love has possess'd me, if pleasures I'd try,
Tears alone give me ease, and my comforts a sigh;
Yet in this fond bosom for ever remain,
So sweet is the smart, and so pleasing the pain.

Re-enter NANCY (with a candle).

Light me to my chamber.

Nan. Yes, ma'am.

[*Exeunt in at centre door.*]

Enter

Enter RUPEE.

Rup. Yes, that's the lady's chamber, and thither she's retired:—it's about the time too, that Tommy Telltruth appointed, and I think, nay I'm sure, I saw the painter convey Cornelia a letter in the leaf of his sketch book—oh, here comes the amorous emissary. *[Retires.]*

Re-enter NANCY.

Nan. I heard somebody—if it's Mr. Rupee, he'll not answer (*aside*). Who's there? Yes, it's he, and on the watch! Charming! (*aside*.) Nobody in the way, then I'll go fetch the Captain to my lady.

Rup. Captain! Oh, dear Tommy Telltruth! (*aside*.)

Nan. (*Taps at a door*) Sir, Sir, Captain!

Flo. (*within*) Is that Nancy?

Nan. Yes, Sir; my Lady is just gone to her chamber.

Enter FLORIMEL.

Flo. Is she?

Rup. Ay, there's the Captain! Oh, sweet Tommy Telltruth! (*aside*.)

Nan. Hush, ma'am; he's upon the watch (*apart*).

Flo. Is he? (*apart*.) Why do I waste the precious moments; let me fly to the scene of rapture and delight.

Nan. This way, Sir.

[Exeunt FLORIMEL and NANCY, in at the centre door.]

C

Rup.

Rup. Oh, what a noose have I escaped! I'll go in and kick this little scoundrel before her face. Hold—he's an Officer. Apropos; why did I neglect my fencing?—I'll go and cane him—no, I'll make her father do it—Yes, I'll expose them, and though I'm no Vulcan, I'll draw a net over Mars and Venus. *[Exit.]*

Mau. (*peeping out of the closet.*) Nancy! Nancy! You creature! Where are you? how dark it is—myself will stay no longer in this cupboard. I heard Miss Cornelius go to her chamber, and my master I know is here in the neighbourhood, if I can get him into the house, and bring him to her—

Grog. (*looking out of the opposite closet.*) I say, Nan, Yo, ho! I'll weigh anchor, and clear Hen-coop-bay.

Mau. Is that Nancy?

Grog. Dark and cold as a Greenland midnight. I say Nan (*in an under tone*).

Mau. (*In a low voice.*) Who's there?

Grog. Me.

Mau. What, is that my dear?

Grog. Yes, it's I.

Mau. Arrah, my soul, why did you keep me so long in the cup-board?

Grog. Why did you keep me so long in the hen-coop?

Mau. You've got a cold, my honey, you speak quite hoarse.

Grog. And you speak as if you had touched at Tipperary in your last voyage.

Mau. Where are you?—give me your hand.

Grog. There.

Sir T. (*without*). Don't talk to me, Sir! Oh, the ungracious girl.

Mau.

Mau. Sir Toby! Then I'll give him leg-bail for my honesty (*runs off*).

Rup. But, Sir Toby, let us be discreet in this affair.

Grog. Rupee sha'n't find me in the dark with a girl—so again for the hen-coop.

[*Goes into the closet.*]

Enter Sir TOBY and RUPEE with a candle.

Sir T. An officer in her chamber! Oh the wicked child—but I don't believe it.

Rup. Then you wont believe the truth, Sir Toby?

Sir T. You've not a doubt of it? oh the vile girl! a gentleman in her chamber now, and to be married to-morrow—hush—who's this?

Enter Capt. BELLCAMP.

Capt. B. Shou'd I have enter'd this house—but drawn by love's irresistable magnetic charm—Cornelia, one parting look, and then farewell forever.

Sir T. Another red-coat! Hey—Why this is Captain Bellcamp.

Rup. Bellcamp! This is not the same person I saw go into her room (*aside*).

Capt. B. If I cou'd but see her once more.

Sir T. Then you see her no more to-night (*advancing*).

Capt. B. Sir Toby!

Sir T. Yes, the injur'd Sir Toby.

Rup. Not so loud, Sir.

Sir T. I will speak loud—I'll roar out my wrongs (*in a low tone*).

Rup. Try if he'll marry her (*apart*).

Sir T. Not I. Look'ye, Captain, I'm a positive obstinate man, and I insist upon it, Sir, that you'll marry her.

Capt. B. Her! Who?

Sir T. My daughter Cornelia—I am a headstrong man—fierce and furious as a fasting tyger—and if you don't marry Cornelia, by this hand—you lose my good opinion.

Capt. B. A sudden change this—but I'll take him in the humour. Well, Sir Toby, rather than forfeit your good opinion, I accept your daughter's hand.

Sir T. Give me yours—you have her.

Rup. He's bit—the intrigue is with another man (*apart*).

Sir T. Another! Oh the jade; we'll take Bellcamp in then—hush: You shall be married immediately.

Capt. B. But cou'dn't I see my lovely charmer?

Sir T. Oh yes, here, Nancy.

Rup. S'death, Sir, hold—the officer is with her.

Sir T. True; I fancy, Captain, my daughter at present may be engaged.

Enter FLORIMEL and CORNELIA from the centre door.

Capt. B. Isn't that she, and a gentleman with her?

Sir T. Undone!

Rup. All blown!

Capt. B. (aside.) Is it possible—Florimel! and dress'd in a suit of my clothes!

Cor. Captain Bellcamp.

Capt. B. My Cornelia!

Sir T. Yes, she is yours.

Cor. Sir! Indeed!

Rup. He swallows the bait—I've done this capitally (*apart to Sir Toby*).

Sir T. If I'd given my mind to knavery, I cou'd cheat like an angel (*apart to Rupee*).

Capt. B. But tell me, sister Florimel, why this masquerade?

Sir T. } Sister Florimel!

Rup. }

Sir T. What, is a woman the gallant?

Cor. Even so, Sir.

Sir T. Mr. Rupee, "you've done this capitally."

Rup. Me! Apropos; you, Sir Toby, "you can cheat like an angel."

Sir T. Only a woman! Why, you most audacious reprobate—how dare you have a woman in your chamber?

Flo. Look ye, Sir Toby, pardon her now, and she'll no more be guilty of such an error: with your leave, to my brother I resign my post, and for a lady, Cornelia shall, in future, have a gentleman of the bed-chamber.

Rup. Then I resign my place of gentleman in waiting.

Grog (within). Yo, ho!

Enter Grog.

What cheer, my souls?

Sir T. Eh, what, more ladies in breeches! you villain, how dare you be hiding in my house? (*to Grog.*)

Rup. Sir Toby, this is my friend Grog—Ha, ha, ha!

Sir

Sir T. What! is your friend Groggy—oh lord, yes, he's quite tipsey—good fellow; get a hack, and go to the hummums.

Rup. Hummums! Apropos, Tom, I'll go along with you, I sha'n't be married to-morrow.

Grog. I find mistress and maid have slipt their cables—but no matter, we shall weather all storms, and clear the rocks of destruction, if we have the gentle gales of your approbation to blow us into the harbour of success.

THE END.

